

THE LIGUORIAN



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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. IX.

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 12

Our King

O King of Glory, Jesus mine,
Thou God of Heaven, Lord Divine,
Didst come from Heaven's splendid gleam
The world to save, from sin redeem.

Thou com'st as King our hearts to gain,
By splendor? No, but dire pain.
In vain we haughty power seek,
For Thou, O King, art kind and meek.

We look in vain for golden crown,
In vain seek spangled stately gown:
Into Thy head the sharp thorns bore,
Thy robe is covered with Thy gore.

The sceptre too we seek in vain,—
And where Thy courtiers' splendid train?
As sceptre, lo! Thy Cross I see,
Thy court—the mocking soldiery.

The burden Thou Thyself didst take,
A kingdom for Thyself to make;
Didst suffer death upon the Cross,
To free men's souls from earthly dross.

Not worldly wealth nor monarch's might
Freed fallen men from sinful plight:
Thy Cross it was, our hearts did gain,
For aye Thy love o'er us shall reign.

Thy Passion, Jesus, made Thee King,
Salvation to our souls did bring:
Our hearts, O Jesus, now are thine,—
Inflame us with Thy love divine.

Repentant hearts to Thee we bring
To Thee our flight in joy we wing
As from the world we come to Thee,
O Jesus, King eternally.

Paul O. Balzer, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

CATHEDRALS AND DINNERPAILS

C. D. MC ENNIRY, C. SS. R.

Father Casey's seatmate on the crowded suburban was a tired workman with a dinner pail and a frown. The day had been hot, the job particularly dirty and difficult,—little wonder that the worker was out of sorts. Then too he had listened during the dinner hour to the heated harangue of a radical demagogue. Of course he did not believe one-tenth of the man's wild statements—he had far too much common sense for that. They had however impressed him sufficiently to make him discontented with his lot and ready to quarrel over every grievance, real or imaginary.

The train rounded a curve and brought them within sight of the massive tiled dome of the cathedral. This was the signal for the workingman to begin.

"Cathedrals!" he exploded, "domes, spires, marble, granite, bronze!—while an honest workingman cannot find a roof to cover his wife and children! By—I hope to see the day when we'll tear down the churches and build homes for the poor!"

"Wouldn't that be rather a radical move?" queried Father Casey quietly. The worker turned and for the first time saw that his seatmate was a priest. He reddened to the roots of his matted hair. He had not really intended to hurt anybody's feelings, but had been merely repeating excerpts from the dinner-hour harangue, as an antidote against the vexations of the day. And as for pulling down the churches, the honest man would never disturb so much as a brick of one of them, except under contract with the lawful pastor. But, now he had blurted out these iconoclastic principles, he felt—like any of the rest of us ordinary mortals under similar circumstances—the bull-headed inclination to plunge into a heated argument and prove that he was right, particularly since his better judgment kept repeating the tantalizing suggestion that he was wrong. Accordingly, in answer to Father Casey's mild demand, "Wouldn't that be rather a radical move?" he stormed.

"It would be the right move—the only right and just and humanitarian move! Why should my wife and children or those of any other

honest workman roam through the streets without a roof to cover them, while millions of dollars are spent upon an empty cathedral—a monument to vanity and superstition?"

"My friend, you know very well that no honest workman's wife and children are wandering homeless through the streets of this city tonight. And if they were, they would only have to make their plight known to the men in charge of that cathedral, and they would immediately receive shelter—and food and clothing too, if necessary. Do you know that the Catholic Church, which builds cathedrals and churches and chapels to the honor of the Most High God and makes them as beautiful as its means can afford, has also built in this country of ours, two hundred and ninety-five orphan asylums, one hundred and eighteen homes for the aged and abandoned poor, and seven thousand and eighty-six schools, colleges, and seminaries, where an honest workman's child can receive the true education of mind and heart which will make him a useful and happy citizen of this republic and enable him to become a blessed citizen of heaven—to say nothing of the hundreds and hundreds of Catholic hospitals where those afflicted with every species of human malady are comforted and cared for?"

"If your Catholic Church has such a tender feeling for the poor, why does it waste so much money on cathedrals and churches? With that money it could build twice as many orphan asylums, homes for the aged and the rest."

"If we had not our churches, we should not have even the money which we now expend upon charitable institutions. It is in the churches that the people are taught that all men are brothers in Christ, that we are strictly bound to help our neighbor in distress, that Christ looks upon what we do for the poorest and most abandoned of our fellow-men as done for Himself. It is in our churches that the people learn to pray for strength to overcome mean human selfishness and to form their hearts after the model of the great, loving, charitable, compassionate heart of Christ. Remember that our institutions of charity derive their worth from the fact that they are conducted by priests, brothers, and sisters who have given up home and family and the pleasures of social life, to minister to the sick and poor. This is what makes Catholic homes of charity so vastly different from state institutions where the attendants work for money rather than for the love of their afflicted brethren in Christ. These self-forgetting priests,

brothers and sisters do not receive their sublime calling in a day. It is a tiny plant tenderly nursed in their souls from childhood in the churches where they worship and pray until it grows strong, and bursts forth into flowers and fruits, for the comfort of suffering human kind. We should not have these heroes of charity, had we not the churches in which to train them."

"Then have your churches,—but, without wasting money on them. Why should they be better than an honest man's home?"

"Because they are built for one who is greater than any man! A church is a house built, not for man, but, for God."

"God has His home up in heaven, better than anything we can build for Him."

"So has your rich uncle a home better than anything you can build for him! Yet if your rich uncle is a good man and generous, if he intends to make you a sharer in his great fortune, if he loves you and your family, and because he loves you, he comes to live with you, would you give him a poor room with four bare walls and say: 'Uncle, we won't go to any expenses for you. You have a home of your own, better than anything we can furnish you with. Would you say that to him?'"

"I plead, 'not guilty' to the charge of a rich uncle," said the workman.

"But, you have a rich Father! He has a wonderful home of His own up in heaven—so wonderful that no human mind can conceive of its grandeur. He loves you so much that He has promised to bring you up into that beautiful home and let you share it with Him, forever. But, for fear you might forget about that beautiful home, and trade away your right to it for earthly goods or pleasures, He has come down on earth to live near you and protect you and load you with His benefits. Treat Him, at least, as well as you would treat the rich uncle from whom you hoped for a few miserable dollars. Make the church,—the place you prepare for Him, during His visit with you—as beautiful as your means will allow."

"What good does God get out of the marble and the gold you plaster around the church? He made the world; He could make these things for Himself, if He cared for them?"

"What good did you get out of those hopeless cigars, that impossible necktie, your little daughter bought you for Christmas? You

couldn't use them. And yet, you were pleased. Her gift was proof that she loved you and that she had denied herself many a little pleasure in order to save up her pennies and buy you this present. You would have been a disappointed father, if she had come to you on Christmas and said: 'Papa, I didn't get you anything for Christmas, because you have so much more money than I have. You can get what you want yourself, better than I can get it for you. So I used all the spending money you gave me to buy gum and candy and ice cream for myself.' Now, tell me honestly, you would have been a disappointed father, wouldn't you?"

"Yes,—and she would have been a disappointed kid, too," he added with a grin.

The evening ride was pleasant, he had almost forgotten his grouch against churches and governments and capitalists, and was beginning to feel that this was a pretty good old world to live in. Still, to make a show of keeping up the discussion he continued:

"I appreciate the presents my youngsters give me, though it does happen to be something I am not exactly dying to have, but, how do we know God feels the same way about it and that He approves of the fine things we put in the church for Him?"

"How do we know it?" repeated Father Casey. "Why, simply because He said so. Could you ask better proof than that? You remember from your Bible how God gave orders to the Chosen People to build a church in His honor. He didn't take chances on any human architect—the building might have been too cheap—He drew the plans; Himself. He specified everything—the walls, the roof, the decorations, the furnishings, down to the last minute detail. And you know the sort of building it was—cut stone, cedar wood, silver and gold,—the most magnificent edifice ever raised by human hands. When God commanded His people to build a church, that is the sort of church He ordered. Thus we know what He expects of us. Catholics have always tried to fulfil God's wishes in this matter, since He made them so clear. From the time, the first persecutions stopped and they could venture out of the catacombs and appear in open day, they have built their churches as rich and beautiful as their means and the circumstances of time and place would warrant. Whether in the center of a great metropolis or on a clearing in the primeval forest, they have given God the best they had."

"Brick and mortar is not worship," remarked the workman. "The highest form of the worship of God is the service of our fellowmen!"

"The highest form of the worship of God—in fact, the only genuine worship of God is to do what God wants. We know what God wants, because He Himself tells us. He tells us through the infallible teaching authority which He has constituted and which he directs. And what does He tell us to do? First, to honor Him by prayers and the sacred rites and ceremonies He has established and approved; secondly, to perform faithfully, for His sake, our duties towards ourselves and towards our fellowmen. Therefore, the highest form of the worship of God—the only genuine form of the worship of God, consists in doing these two things,—not one, to the exclusion of the other. To do the first we must have churches."

"A man should pray under the blue dome of heaven and everywhere else. The trouble is most men forget to pray there. If they do not go regularly to church to learn to pray and get the habit of praying, why, while out under the blue dome of heaven they will be thinking of speckled trout and ripe hickory nuts and picnic lunches,—of everything, in fact, except of the Maker, and of their duty of praying to Him and of honoring Him. The churches which we build and decorate, as God wishes, shut out the distractions of the world and remind us of God and help us to think of Him and pray to Him."

"But they don't help the poor laboring man to settle with the landlord or pay the butcher."

"The trouble with you people," said Father Casey, "is that you make the mistake of thinking that man is like a cow or pussy cat—that he has no higher aspirations than a full stomach and a warm place to sleep. Man is a far nobler being. His greatest sufferings and his greatest joys are the sufferings and the joys of the soul. When he is weighed down by these sufferings, he can go into a quiet church and kneel before his God, Who is present there, pour out his griefs, beg for the light and strength which will never fail him, and come forth renewed and strengthened for the battles of life. For every man who receives temporary alleviation from an institution of mere philanthropy there are a hundred who receive lasting peace and joy from a visit to a church. And as for the food-and-shelter end of the proposition, the true religion which is taught and propagated in those churches is the only permanent power, protecting through the ages the laboring

poor. Wherever you see rising aloft the dome of a Catholic cathedral, you can say with certitude: 'Here, at least, there is one commanding voice that will ever be raised fearlessly and consistently to defend the sacred rights of the honest workingman.'

TIME AFTER TIME

Two boys stood close to a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building. "That seems like nice work," said one to the other, observingly, as he watched a mechanic driving, with well-aimed force, nail after nail in place.

"Yes, I should like to be a carpenter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the other boy.

The workman paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled, "You would never make a mechanic, then," he said, "since it is only repeated efforts that bring good results."

This is true along any line of work you may pursue. The art of accomplishing a task skillfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to discourage us, however, but rather increase our desire to succeed. It is true that "no great thing was ever lightly won".

A boy who, early in life, sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonderful results. "That son of yours is a born farmer," remarked one man approvingly to another, as he noted the energetic manner in which the lad performed his task.

"John always does his level best at everything," was the reply.

That is really the secret of the whole matter—our level best, and stopping at nothing short of it. Lately a man who had distinguished himself in war was being entertained in a home, where a bright-eyed lad sat in his seat, eagerly listening to the conversation.

"Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "of what are you thinking?"

"Sir," was the answer, "I mean to be a great soldier like you."

"Oh," he said, as he laid bare a hidden scar, "are you willing to pay the cost?"—*Exchange.*

We must work at our salvation as if it depended entirely on ourselves; and beseech God, expect all from God, as if it depended wholly on him and in no wise on ourselves.

One Christmas Night

WHAT THE CRIB BROUGHT TO MY MIND

T. Z. AUSTIN, C. SS. R.

It is night on the hillsides near Bethlehem. Some shepherds lay out under the nightly sky with their flocks: some asleep, some taking their turn to watch. The stillness over hill and valley is broken only by the bleating of the sheep; over all the unclouded brightness of the Syrian sky, with its innumerable stars.

Suddenly,—“behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shown round them; and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: ‘Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy; that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.’ And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying

‘Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth
Peace to men of good will’.”

With this ever memorable anthem—the first and last melody of heaven ever heard by mortal ears—the light faded from the hills: the angels went away into heaven, and left earth once more in the shadow of the night, knowing and thinking nothing of that which so supremely interested all the world and all times yet to be.

Wondering at such a vision and full of simple trust, the shepherds had only one thought,—to see the babe and its mother for themselves. “Let us go over to Bethlehem,” they said, “and let us see this word that is come to pass, which the Lord hath showed us.”

JESUS SAVIOUR.

That is what I wish,—to see for myself. It is all wonderful; but one thing arrests me: it is that name,—Saviour.

Was not that the name which was given Him in the course of heaven, when in answer to the Father’s will he offered, in the guise of human flesh, to suffer and die for man? Was not that the name

which an Archangel brought to earth, when he announced to Mary that the Son of God should take human flesh from her? And tonight the angel hosts proclaim that He is come, the Saviour, from the first moment of His life.

For despite his apparent weakness and feebleness, as He lies there, a child upon a little straw, He is not altogether like other children. Out of those eyes divinity looks; that heart already beats with conscious affections. He sees, He knows, He understands, He loves.

Every tear of His is a tear of expiation to wipe away our sins; every pricking of the straw, every pang caused by wind or cold, every discomfort is borne as an act of propitiation for us, for me. Those arms outstretched, that baby voice, are pleading now, as they will one day plead upon the Cross: "Father, forgive, for they know not what they do."

Saints may spend their lives in solitude,—may wake at night for long hours of prayer,—may fast and do penance till their emaciated bodies are little more than skeletons,—may live such lives of suffering that the mere thought of them makes us shudder: none of them, no, not all together can be so precious in God's sight, so efficacious for our salvation as the tears, the sighs, the sufferings of the Babe of Bethlehem.

For they all are men, holy indeed and pleasing in God's sight, but men; and all their sufferings are human. This child, however, is God,—this baby form is God's own: entitled therefore to heaven, to divine honor, to angel worship. But all He renounces: the infinite honor, the infinite bliss, the infinite joy that He has claim to, and stoops to nakedness and hunger and discomfort and poverty and neglect.

Why? Does not the question force itself upon you?

For one sole reason: to be our Saviour. "And the holy one that shall be born of thee shall be the Son of the Most High and shall be called Jesus, Saviour." And "this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

THAT WE MIGHT REALIZE.

The painted scene fades from my view and I am in Bethlehem. I see the rough hewn cave; I touch the damp rock; My fingers feel the rough surface of the crib's wood, and my hand is pricked as I try to smooth the straw upon which the Infant lies. I hear the wind rushing through the olive groves, and in the coolness of the night I shiver.

It makes me realize that the scene before me is not a mere picture; not something that has no relation to me; not a fiction like a motion picture; no, it is a reality. God lay in that crib, under the image of a child, for me in particular, for me individually. Could I hear his voice as He prays, I would hear Him mention my name, as He raises His outstretched arms and offers His baby tears and baby pains, the infinitely valuable sufferings of a God now a child.

Not only to the shepherds, but to you, to me, individually, an angel—the angel ever at my side, announces: “This day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.”

So deep, so complex, so overpowering are the feelings that sway me before the crib, that it is difficult to give utterance to them.

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS.

I rejoice with the heavenly Father, who now for the first time since the hapless fall of Adam in paradise is praised with human lips that are pure, from a human heart that is stainless, with human words that are pleasing to Him: “This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.”

I rejoice with Mary, the poor maid of Nazareth,—for whom there was no place in Bethlehem,—who this night became the first of all creatures, the highest in heaven and earth, the Queen of Angels, the Mother of God.

I rejoice with Joseph,—silent, careful for the wants of Mother and Child,—the representative of all fathers and of all workingmen,—who this night was made the shield and protector of the God made man.

I rejoice for my own sake,—for there upon the straw lies the only but all-sufficient hope of my salvation.

CHRISTMAS GRATITUDE.

Mingled with this joy, must be the deepest gratitude.

There was once a Saint, Paulinus by name, a man of wealth and affairs. He chanced one day to hear the words of the Gospel: “Go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor and follow me.” Grace touched his heart and woke in him the passion to imitate His Saviour. But scarcely had he carried out the Master’s maxim, when a woman came to him, weeping as if her heart were broken.

“Why do you weep so bitterly?” asked the saint.

"Oh, Sir," she said, "You are kind they say: you help all who come to you; help me!"

"What can I do for you, my friend?" asked the Saint perplexed.

"Moorish pirates have descended upon our city," she explained; "they tore from me my only boy; they carried him away into slavery. If I had three hundred pieces of gold I could buy his release."

"Three hundred pieces of gold!" repeated Paulinus. "Alas! my dear friend, I had them a while ago, but now all is gone. Yet, —" and he thought a space; then, as if a new idea struck him, he went on: "dry your tears; your son shall surely return to you."

She went away comforted, assured that somehow, her boy would return. Paulinus prayed: "Lord, I have given thee my wealth and all I had; now let me follow Thee and give myself." And with the next boat he passed over to the land of the Moors and offered himself to serve as a slave in place of the widow's son.

What must not have been her gratitude when she realized what Paulinus had done? So our Saviour has not been content to give all He had for me; He gave Himself. How thoughtless, how heartless must I be, if I am not grateful for this gift!

CHRISTMAS LOVE.

Hardly anything is so attractive, so lovable as a child. No one can resist the charm of its innocence and sweetness. Look at the Infant in the Crib. Why has omnipotence put on the tender weakness of a child? Why has He come to earth to seek?

Bring Him all the earth, and ask: Do you seek this? Child, he answers, it is all mine. Bring Him all the works of art, the wonders that genius, power, skill, and wealth can produce, and lay them at His feet. Child, He says, 'twas I who gave to men the power to make these things in imitation of the marvels I wrought in nature. Bring Him all the churches of the world; see here, say to Him, the monuments which love for Thee have wrought. Child, He replies, heaven is My home, far better than these.

What then, do You seek? While you ask, a little child approaches the Crib, and in perfect understanding of the scene, whispers: "My dear Jesus, I have nothing to give you,—only my heart; with it I can love you; with it I can think of You often, with it I can keep your commandments, with it I can seek to please You in all things." And the little Infant smiles, saying: There, that is just what I have come

for,—the only thing I did not have in heaven, the only thing I could not make for myself,—for love is free.

There is none, how poor soever he may be, that has not the wealth of a heart,—the buried diamonds of love.

Do not ask me what it means to give your love. I need not tell you. Everyone of you knows that. Do you love that book? See what care you take of it, that it may not be lost or soiled. Do you love that dog or animal? How thoughtful you are of it; hurt it? Never! Do you love your child? your wife? your husband? Father? Mother? How eager you are to do them little favors to help them, to carry out their wishes and anticipate them. Offend them, displease them? No thought of it! You know not love, if you think that were possible.

Then love this Infant, your God and Saviour. Love Him like St. Andrew, that grand old man, who, as he stood before the judges that wished him to renounce his Master, declared with deepest emotion:

“Offend Him? Never! Eighty and seven years have I served Him, and never has He done me any harm; and shall I now break His law to save this poor life of mine? No, for His sake, I am ready to lose all, and I am happy to give this life of mine for Him who gave His life for me!”

In holy joy and gratitude and love, make merry this Christmas for the Divine Infant,—the Saviour of men!

NOT IN GOOD FORM

America tells a story of a young man at Yale University, in the class of Economics. A problem in economics was proposed for solution, and the young man ventured to suggest as a solution, the application of the seventh Commandment: Thou shalt not steal.

“O Mr. Blank,” chided the instructor, “we don’t discuss religion here!”

“As a matter of fact,” comments Father Blakely, “we don’t, and that is why we have so many labor disturbances,” and we might add,—so much capital contentment.

He who takes no trouble or very little to save his soul, may be sure that he will lose it; unless it be his great fervor that makes all easy for him.

Petunia Wrangle's Furnished Rooms

CHRISTMAS COMES TO HER -

JOHN W. BRENNAN, C. SS. R.

Mrs. Petunia Wrangle was soured on life. Her acerbity was all-embracing. It took in the city in which she had been born and raised and educated, albeit to the fifth grade; the magnificent river on which that city is situated, with its gently sloping levees and commercial litter and negro roustabouts; and more particularly and poignantly, her own superannuated neighborhood together with its inhabitants and their children to no matter what generation. Like Caligula, Mrs. Wrangle wished,—sometimes—that the neighborhood had one head, not that she might cut it off, but that she might pull its hair till it screamed. But that was when she had the toothache.

Once upon a time, her home had been in the center of the elite of the city; that was long ago. Times had changed and so had conditions and with them the unwritten boundaries of society's Elysium, leaving white-stone fronts and decrepid mansard roofs to tell the glorious history of the past. Whether environment had sharpened her visage and temper, or whether these combined influences had set their seal upon the neighborhood, it is hard to say. Ask the psycho-analysts about it. At any rate, when this story happened, the children in that vicinity, with their usual naivete, had nicknamed her house the "Palace of Mourning" and its mistress, "The Ogre." Both titles were borrowed from the movies.

Precisely at 4:45 P. M. a newsboy dropped the evening paper on her door-step and scurried away. He was always on time, having been taught punctuality in the hard school of experience, with Mrs. Wrangle as head-mistress. Precisely at 4:50, when her antique clock was correct, the old front-door opened, and her aquiline nose spanned by a huge pair of old-fashioned spectacles, in keeping with her crown of tightly twisted hair, made its appearance. One swift, furtive glance up and down the street, one sweep of her long, bony arm, and the paper was gathered in, the door closed, and the children, if there were any on the street, resumed their way in peace. Mrs. Wrangle hated children, and they reciprocated with a thoroughly heartfelt fear.

It was mid-October in the year of grace 1920 when Mrs. Wrangle's clock slipped a cog and caused her to be exactly three minutes late in reaching her paper. She seized it more viciously than usual and slammed the door after her. She read everything, even the sports and ads, to get her money's worth. Suddenly she drew a sharp breath like the hiss of a cat in anger; her lips tightened; she had found a treasure, an unspeakable scandal to which not even the later Hollywood affair would have made a decent second. It was an advertisement from a country news-paper reprinted as a news-item. "Woman will sell self to highest bidder to save life and child." It mattered not that honorable service was meant; it mattered not that conditions were imposed; Mrs. Wrangle sat in judgment and the verdict was "guilty".

Not long after, a ripple of excitement accompanied by a breeze of bitter comment went up and down the street. The neighborhood was startled by a brand new sign hanging over the old door. Women paused to read it, then smiled; the children studied it—and ran. It read, "Furnished Rooms To Rent.—No Children Allowed."

Mrs. Wrangle found the days of preparation for Christmas extremely irksome. Her doorbell rang oftener now than it had all year. At first, when charitable workers requested a slight donation toward providing a little Christmas cheer for the poor, she scoffed. Then she began to feel a sullen resentment. Each jangle of the old gong drove the blood from her face and the pity from her heart, till the final ring on Christmas Eve found her adamant.

It was a timid ring; a weak, faltering, bashful ring, with almost and undertone of pleading in its vibration. She went to the door with her lips set to say "No".

A tired looking little woman, clad modestly in black, stood beyond the threshold with a little girl, hardly more than six, by her side.

"Well!" said Mrs. Wrangle with a weak attempt at cordiality.

"I am looking for lodgings for myself and my child —" began the strange woman. Mrs. Wrangle stiffened, fixed her spectacles grimly, stepped outside the door and began to study the new sign, centering her attention on the lower line.

"It seems to be pretty plain," she remarked coldly. Perhaps it was her voice, perhaps it was the gust of north wind suddenly circling the building that caused the other woman to shiver and draw her child to her.

"I know,—Marian is a child; but she is a good, careful girl; and I was recommended to you. I cannot find a place and —"

"Recommended!" Mrs. Wrangle fairly screamed the word. "And who recommended you?"

"Father Doyle, I think he said his name was," answered the little woman, her voice betraying her hopelessness. "He said—"

"Well, priest or no priest, he's got his nerve!" snapped the lady of the manor. She did not notice an erect, well built figure pause momentarily on the sidewalk outside her gate. She did not hear the quick step slow up, then halt a moment, and pass on swiftly. Father Doyle saw the group and recognized the individuals. He heard the sharp words but he was on an urgent sick call and could not stop. He breathed a prayer for all three and hurried away.

"I am trying to get work, you know. I am a widow,—and would like so much if you could let me have a room,—I don't care what kind it is,—till I am settled."

An idea dawned in Mrs. Wrangle's brain; her eyes took on a sharper gleam.

"Did you advertise in—let me see,—in the *Glendale News* some time ago?"

"I did,—and I am on my way to examine the first response now."

"Well, continue on your way. Do not let me hinder you!"

"And the room —?"

"Is not for any woman who could place such an ad." Mrs. Wrangle swept into the hallway grandly and slammed the door.

But the crash of the door jarred her nerves into an unusual reaction. She tried to work; it was no use. The fact of the little girl remained before her, pale, wan, pitifully thin. She thought of her ten years of married life, cold, barren, loveless, childless,—due to her criminal neglect. For the first time since her husband's death she felt lonesome, dreadfully lonesome. The empty rooms re-echoed her footsteps mockingly. What would she not give to hear one little peal of childish laughter ringing through those silent halls. She tried to prepare supper; but after dropping a large piece of lard into the coffee pot and a handful of coffee into the frying pan, she gave it up. She went to the door again and tried in vain to discern her late visitors on the street.

It was too late! Too late to relive the years that were gone, too late to undo the damage that had embittered her husband's life and

her own, too late to recall the words she had spoken—too late for everything. The adamant softened, the iron bent and broke; Mrs. Wrangle sank into a chair weeping bitterly.

Her paroxysm of grief was followed by a strange calm. She could still see the face of the little child, but now smiling at her; she imagined she felt the little hand touch her own. She sank to her knees and prayed; prayed that God might allow her one more chance to undo the past by sending that mother and the little girl back to her. She even thought her prayer had been answered and went to see if they were coming. The street lamp showed a few straggling shoppers; nothing more.

It was a busy hour in the Hayes' Employment Office and the manager was brusque. Mrs. Trowbridge however, hungry, cold and tired, was desperately insistent.

"But you promised to have the situation this evening!" she pleaded.

"The place is filled. You can take your place in line if you wish."

"And wait there till my child and I starve?"

"Child! You're dreaming. You have no child. Where is it?"

Mrs. Trowbridge gasped—looked down—and then felt as though her heart had stopped. Something black began to float before her eyes. "Marian—oh my little Marian—my child" she moaned, and fainted.

Outside the office two tides of humanity met and broke around a big traffic officer. The rushing Christmas shoppers jostled each other along; pausing only to notice a little girl who, finger in mouth, was gazing at the brilliant contents of a show window. The child's beauty, the threadbare little coat, the demure tam hanging over one ear, caught their attention a moment,—and were forgotten. Two little newsboys, circulating through the crowd as they cried their papers also noticed the little girl, but did not bother. They too had their own interests to watch over, and every cent meant just so much more Christmas cheer. But the spell of the window passed and Marian turned to find her mother. When she realized she was alone, two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and soon she was crying as though her heart would break. One newsy pushed through the crowd to her side.

"'Smatter kid," he inquired gently. "Yeh lost?"

"I want Mama," sobbed Marian.

"Holy smoke! Wot a mess! An' it's Christmas." But he had been trained to think quickly. During the day he was Mrs. Wrangle's newsboy.

"Hey, Jimmie," he called to his rival in business. "Take these papers, will yeh? Dere's a kid lost here, an' I'll have to play gumshoe. Sell 'em if ya can,—an' enjoy yerself."

"Nix buddy. It's Christmas. I'll sell 'em an' we'll split fifty-fifty. You pilot the infant." They parted,—one staggering under a double load of papers, the other gingerly picking a path through the crowd while he tried to get some information from the child. As they passed the corner, the big officer looked down at them.

"Taking your girl to the show, Danny?" he shouted laughing.

"Nix on the funny stuff, Mr. O'Rourke. Dis kid's lost. Sae says she belongs at the Ogre's."

"The Ogre's" asked the officer, as he signaled another section of traffic to proceed.

"Oh!—you air't wise. Mrs. Wrangle's palace on our street. You know!"

"Hm. Well Danny, I'm busy now. But you go up there and see, and if everything ain't right, take her to our house. Mrs. O'Rourke will watch out for her till I come." He held the traffic till they reached the opposite curb.

It was a hard struggle; the newsie could have wriggled through the crowd in a hurry, but he was determined his little charge would receive as few bumps as possible. He tramped on obstructing toes, he dug his little elbows into stubborn, bundle-laden men, he pushed and pulled and sweated till at last, tired, but triumphant, they turned into the quiet of Mrs. Wrangle's street.

They paused to get their breath. "Some job,—dis!" muttered the boy. The child began to shiver and to cry; then suddenly looking up over the boy's shoulder, she exclaimed, "Oh, oh, I know him." Danny turned and saw Father Doyle bending over him.

"Why Marian," exclaimed the priest. "How did you get here? I have just seen your mother, and she is heartbroken. How did you get away from her?"

"I don't know,—" the child sobbed. "But I want my Mama—"

"I found 'er on the street, Father, a lookin' in the window. She wants to go to the Ogre's place. It's like takin' a angel to—well—any place."

The priest thought for a moment. Then his face brightened. It was not a bad idea, he thought, and there was no harm in trying.

"Here Danny, you must have lost your business in this act of charity." He held out a dollar. The boy drew back, his hands stubbornly shoved deep into his pockets. "Here, do what you are told. It's my present, take it. I'll take care of the little girl. I know where her home is—or will be."

"Alright, Father, and thanks." He watched the priest as he picked up the child, and covered her with his overcoat and strode down the street. It looked big and heroic and the newsy felt jealous.

Mrs. Wrangle had lit a fire in her parlor for the first time in years. The old fireplace had been a masterpiece in its day, and the burning wood made it look cheerful. She sat by the window gazing at the passers by. Her handkerchief rolled tightly into a little ball, was damp with her tears. A few hours of wholesome remorse had brought a marvelous change in her.

She drew back a little into deeper shadows, as she noticed the familiar form of Father Doyle. Then curiosity conquered fear; she leaned forward, almost pressing her face against the window pane. What it could be that he was carrying? She watched him swing along into the area lit up by the street lamp. Now he was in front of the house,—it looked like a child he was carrying. Without slackening pace, he turned in at her gate, and in a second was ringing the old bell. The familiar clangor woke Mrs. Wrangle from a daze of wonder and apprehension. She opened the door. Remembering what he had overheard, Father Doyle did not waste time in preliminaries. He pushed past her into the hall, and waited while she mechanically closed the door. His tone was stern.

"Mrs. Wrangle, I have been your pastor for years. I know the miserable years your husband spent before a merciful death ended them. I know how you have cut yourself off from your neighbors, giving scandal to others and misery to yourself. On the other hand, I have such a high opinion of you, that I sent a poor woman and her child to you for shelter this afternoon—and you—turned them out into the cold—on Christmas eve."

"But Father—the sign—." A trace of the old bitterness had returned.

"Confound your sign! You ought to be ashamed to mention it. It is just such signs and just such tactics that give incentive to crimes against the family virtues. This is the child you turned away. She

was lost and I have found her. Her mother is now in the hospital suffering from a collapse, brought on by lack of proper nourishment and cold and the shock of losing her child. I am giving you another chance. Shall this little girl go to an orphan asylum or will you give her a home,—for Christmas?"

Even Father Doyle wondered at the change in Mrs. Wrangle. She stretched out her arms without a word and took Marian. In a moment she had the child cosily arranged in a big armchair before the fire. When she returned, the priest noticed her eyes were full of tears.

"Father," she said in a tone so low and altered that he could hardly recognize it, "leave them—yes, them both to me. I shall call up the hospital,—the Emergency I presume." The priest nodded. "Well, I shall call up at once and have the mother brought up here."

"But the expense"—

"Is all mine. I am in debt to Almighty God and this will be part payment. Father, you may not believe it, but I have been praying for this for three hours. I'll have them together again as fast as a taxi can bring her here."

"God bless you," said the priest,—*"And Merry Christmas."* And over the back of the old chair came the echo in a childish treble, *"Merry Christmas Father."* Father Doyle felt strangely humbled as he went home.

At ten o'clock Officer O'Rourke was relieved. As he stepped off duty, his eldest boy was waiting. He pulled his father down to him and whispered.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the big policeman. "I'll have to tell Father Doyle."

He took his boy by the hand and hurried over to the rectory. Then they went down the street to the children's "Palace of Mourning". A little crowd was gathered there staring at a front window. They could hardly believe their senses. They looked—whispered to each other, and looked at the object in the window.

"Gee," ejaculated one urchin, "she's gonna put candles on it too."

It was a Christmas tree.

You can certainly use your brain power to better advantage than in dwelling upon and rehearsing unpleasant experiences.

The Paths of Light

JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN, CONVERT

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

John Henry Cardinal Newman needs no introduction. Who is there, that has not set even only one foot in the domain of English literature and has not heard his praise; or who has turned even only one stone in the history of the last generations and has not found traces of his influence and power? If written encomiums failed us, still the minds and men, the books and writings, clearly Newmannian, would be overwhelming evidence. As a thinker, as an historian, as a leader of minds, as a preacher, as a Catholic, as a man, as a master of English prose,—his praises have passed into a school-room axiom. Young students even now thrill with enthusiasm at the sound of his name.

GIANT IN MIND.

His career is perhaps the best proof of the esteem he won from his contemporaries.

That at seventeen he was elected scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and at twenty-one was chosen Fellow of Oriel, to which the elite of Oxford's intellectual set belonged,—and among these elite stepped almost at once into a position of leadership, is evidence of his mental superiority. So great in fact did his influence become, that J. A. Froude could write:

“For hundreds of youths, ‘Credo in Newmannum’ (I believe in Newman) was the genuine symbol of faith.”

Still I cannot refrain from some quotations; they give us besides a better picture of his person.

A MAN OF INDISPUTABLE GENIUS.

J. R. Froude, Fellow of Oriel, and later Lord Blachford, writes as follows of Newman's Anglican days:

“When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time.

"His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Caesar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way and become a power in the world; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers.

"I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was on the contrary the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him * * * he satisfies himself only that his step is a right one, and leaves the rest to Providence.

"Newman had read omnivorously; he had studied modern thought and modern life in all its forms, and with all its many colored passions * * * ."

AN AMBROSE OR AN AUGUSTINE.

Principal Shairp, in *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, gives us the following account, in glowing terms, of Newman's Oxford days:

"The influence Newman had gained, without apparently setting himself to seek it, was something altogether unlike anything else in our time. A mysterious veneration had by degrees gathered around him, till now it was almost as though some Ambrose or Augustine of older ages had re-appeared. * * * In Oriel Lane lighthearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, "There's Newman," as with head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though at some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless step he glided by. Awe fell on them for a moment, almost as if it had been some apparition that had passed.

"What were the qualities that inspired these feelings? There was, of course, learning and refinement. There was genius, not indeed of a philosopher, but of a subtle and original thinker, an unequaled edge of dialectic, and these all glorified by the imagination of a poet. Then there was the utter unworldliness, the setting aside of all the things which men most prize, the tamelessness of soul which was ready to essay the impossible. Men felt that here was

'One of that small transfigured band
Which the world cannot tame.'"

SIR WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE ON NEWMAN.

Still another claims a hearing, because of his position as Prime Minister of England under Queen Victoria, and because he was an opponent of Newman's. He writes:

"Of the religious mind of England in that day, Newman had the leadership: an office and a power from which none but himself could eject him. It has been his extraordinary, perhaps unexampled case, at a critical period, first to give to the religious thought of his time and country the most powerful impulse for which a long time it has received from any individual; and then to be the main, though no doubt involuntary cause of disorganizing it in a manner as remarkable, and breaking up its forces in to a multitude of not only severed but conflicting bands."

Such was the power of John Henry Newman. And it was when at the height of his power, when his prospects were brightest, when he could look forward to still greater conquests, that he realized the futility of all but the Catholic Church and turned to her like a submissive child.

THE WALLS OF PREJUDICE.

John Henry Newman was born in London, February 21, 1801, of strictly Protestant parents. "I was brought up from a child," he says of himself, "to take a great delight in the Bible; but I had no formed religious convictions till I was fifteen. Of course I had a perfect knowledge of my catechism."

The Catholic Religion he knew only by name. "There was a Catholic family in the village," he says again, "old maiden ladies, we used to think, but I knew nothing but their name. I have of late years heard that there were one or two Catholic boys in the school; but

either we were carefully kept from knowing this, or the knowledge of it simply made no impression at all on our minds."

His reading was anything but Catholic. "When I was fourteen, I read Paine's Tracts against the Old Testament, and found pleasure in the objections which were contained in them."

When fifteen, he fell under the spell of Calvinism, through the influence of one of his teachers, and the books he gave him to read. At that time also he read Newton on the Prophecies, "and in consequence," he says, "became most firmly convinced that the Pope was the Antichrist predicted by Daniel, St. Paul, and St. John. My imagination was stained by the effects of this doctrine up to the year 1843; it had been obliterated from my reason and judgment at an earlier date; but the thought remained upon me as a sort of false conscience."

Thus the walls of prejudice were built around the True Church for him from childhood, and prevented him from knowing the Church,—allowing him simply to imagine all kinds of horrors behind those walls.

ON THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS.

The great St. Paul was struck down and converted on the road to Damascus, on the way to persecute the true Church of Christ. Newman likewise came to see the light, in the very attempt to prove the Church of Rome wrong and the Anglican Church right.

Thus when the question of Catholic Emancipation came up in 1829, he joined the opposition, and when Peel was defeated on that issue, he wrote to his mother:

"We have achieved a glorious victory; it is the first public event I have been concerned in, and I thank God from my heart both for my cause and for its success."

On his trip through Italy, this hostility to Rome shows itself again and again. From Naples he wrote: "The state of the Church is deplorable. It seems as if Satan were let out of prison to roam the whole earth again." And from Rome itself: "As to the Roman Catholic system, I have ever detested it so much that I cannot detest it more by seeing it." Still it exercised a strange spell over him, despite his hatred. "It has stolen away half my heart," he writes. But his prejudice came to the rescue. "Oh that Rome was not Rome!" he says; "But I seem to see as clear as day that union with her is impossible."

In 1836 he published his work on "The Prophetical Office of the Church Viewed Relatively to Romanism and Popular Protestantism".

In it he makes an attack on the Church of Rome, the fierceness of which surprised him in later years.

As a boy of fifteen he had called the Pope such names that "I cannot bring myself to write them down here," as he said in his *Apologia*. And this spirit was with him still; for in 1833 he wrote:

"Alas the old spirit has revived, and the monster of Daniel's vision, untamed by its former judgments, has seized upon Christianity as the new instrument of its impieties, and awaits a second and final woe from God's hand."

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

But one thing is clear: Newman sought the truth with his whole soul. And God was always at his heels, so to speak.

Nigh and nigh, draws the chase,
With unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,

Newman prayed; and his prayer was heard. It was while homeward bound after his vacation tour through the near East and Italy, that he penned the beautiful hymn, that gives us so clear an insight into his yearnings:

"Lead kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on!

The night is dark and I am far from home—

Lead Thou me on!

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on!

I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone;

And with the morn those angel faces smile

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

That morning came. True there was struggles still ahead; but bit by bit the wall of prejudice crumbled under the strokes of grace and under his very blows to keep it firm.

THE LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

Newman now plunged deeper into his study of the Fathers and the teachings of the Church. Döllinger, himself one of the greatest historians of that day, said of Newman that no one knew the history of the first ages of Christianity better than he. Already in 1828 he had begun the systematic reading of the Fathers of the Church. "The Fathers again rise full before me," he wrote at the time. "I am so hungry for Irenaeus and Cyprian that I long for the vacation (to devote my time to them)." Of course, then he used them to bolster up his position in the Anglican Church.

Then there came to his hands an article written by Cardinal Wiseman in the *Dublin Review* on "The Donatist Schism". Newman had all along been claiming that the Anglican Church was a branch of the True Church. This article, however, showed him clearly that this position was, in the light of history, untenable.

It pained him severely as his letters show. To one he wrote: "Since I wrote to you, I have had the first real hit from Romanism which has happened to me * * * I must confess, it has given me a stomachache * * * At this moment we have sprung a leak * * * I seriously think this is a most uncomfortable article, though of course it is 'ex parte'."

For a while he struggled against it. Then seeing that he could no longer stay in the Anglican ministry he retired to Littlemore, there to devote himself to work and study and prayer,—even to founding a religious community. This was in 1842. Oxford was to know him no more; but it missed his leadership severely. Principal Shairp writes of those times:

"How vividly comes back the aching blank, the awful pause, which fell on Oxford when that voice had ceased, and we knew that we should hear it no more. It was as when, to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still. To many, no doubt, the pause was not of long continuance. Soon they began to look this way and that for new teachers, and to rush vehemently to the opposite extremes of

thought. But there were those who could not so lightly forget. All the more these withdrew into themselves. On Sunday forenoons and evenings, in the retirement of their rooms, the printed words of those marvelous sermons (Newman's) would thrill them till they wept 'abundant and most sweet tears'. Since then many voices of powerful teachers they may have heard, but none that ever penetrated the soul like his."

Newman was now between two lives, as Wilfred Ward says; his Anglican life was over; his life in the Catholic Church had not begun.

(*To be continued.*)

FAITH AND REASON VS. SENTIMENT

Because the answer to the following question proved somewhat long, it finds a place here instead of on the question page.

I have a friend who says he does not believe in heaven or hell. I tried to give him my reasons, but failed to convince him. Could you tell me what I might say to him?

Before I reply, let me make a few remarks about states of mind in relation to conviction.

I. States of Mind.—a) Some people are by nature or education so formed that they are guided by sentiment and feeling rather than by reason. A truth that is disagreeable to them, no matter how well it may be substantiated by reasons or facts, will hardly be accepted by them. The truth of hell is extremely disagreeable to some. b) Others are of an argumentative turn of mind. The very fact that you try to convince them, turns them against the truth. They remind me of the village schoolmaster in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*: "In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill, For, e'en though vanquished, he could argue still." c) Others may be wrought up by some particular feeling of anger or hatred or despondency. In that condition they are impervious to conviction, because their mind is not functioning correctly.

You must not be surprised, then, if you cannot convince your friend.

II. Definition.—It is necessary to get a clear idea of what is meant by heaven and hell: your friend may be objecting to something which is not Catholic Faith. a) Heaven is a state in the next world in which men that die in God's grace will enjoy the highest bliss, by reason of the vision of God, forever and unchangeably. b) Hell is a

state of punishment in the next life, consisting chiefly in the privation of God's vision, remorse and various punishments commensurate with their sins, lasting likewise forever. This is Catholic Faith.

III. Grounds for our Faith.—If such places exist, only God or souls returned from them, can tell us directly about them. Reason can suggest the probability and even necessity of these being such places.

1) What does my own reason say in the matter? a) That there must be a heaven and a hell. Because, it is only too evident that this life is a time of probation, that in it good and evil do not meet their real requital, that, in fact, there would be no sufficient sanction for God's law, if there were not a reckoning in the next life.

b) It suggests even that this reward and punishment must be eternal. There must be some completely satisfying bliss: human nature craves it with all its being, and that craving must some time or other be satisfied. And bliss in which the worm of death lies hid, is not full or complete. And hell too must be eternal, because only such is powerful enough to stay man's will in temptation under all circumstances, and because, if it were not eternal man could defy God.

2. What have returned souls said of the matter?

a) There are records of saints appearing from heaven and speaking of its delights. They are sufficiently well authenticated, too; but I do not insist on them.

b) Whether anyone has ever returned from hell to speak of its pains, I know not. I only know, that Our Lord once referred to such a case. Read the parable of Dives and Lazarus in Luke XVI, 20-31. Dives "was buried in hell", and he wished that "someone might be sent to his father's house * * * that he might testify to them lest they also come into this place of torments." "If one went to them from the dead," he said, "they would (surely) do penance." But he was answered: "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they believe if one rise from the dead." This is clear, isn't it?

3. What does God say of the matter? He has spoken through the Apostles and through the human lips of Christ.

a) Through St. Paul, for instance, speaking of those "who know not God and who obey not the Gospel", He said: "They shall suffer eternal punishment in destruction from the face of the Lord."

b) In the person of Christ, He said, speaking of those who do evil: "And if thy right hand scandalize thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not extinguished." In fact, at least fifteen times the Gospels speak of eternal punishment.

So evident indeed is this that, Dr. Angus, a non-Catholic Scripture scholar declares: "Every form of words employed in Scripture to designate everlastingness, Our Lord and His Apostles employ to describe the state of those who die in sin and unbelief."

And Gladstone, Premier of England under Queen Victoria, said: "The modern doubts of eternal punishment are not so much the consequence of benevolence, as of feeble powers of reasoning."

I might say all I pleased: "I don't believe it!" Yet that would not change it. I might shut my eyes to the sun, and say: There is no sun. Yet it would burn my skin and blister it.

THE NEXT QUESTION

The season is on again for the old, old question: Father, is it wrong to go to a dance during Advent.

A few years back it would not have been hard to answer. Few would have asked it, and it would have been easy to point to the line of conduct pursued by the generality of Catholic youth who took their Faith seriously. Do as they do,—we could have said.

Now, such is the current of passion for amusement and pleasure that is sweeping over city and town alike, that it carries with it a great number of our otherwise good boys and girls. And many a young heart will for the first time silence a little voice that has always kept it on the better way. And while they realize that they are not by that fact, in itself, committing sin, they will distinctly feel that they are not choosing the better part. And to a disinterested spectator, it is always sad to see a boy or a girl, tampering with long cherished ideals of the years of innocence and piety.

Who knows, I may be asked one of these days: Father, am I *allowed* to stay away from our Club Dance during Advent, even though I am a member of the Club?

The Disillusionment of Uncle Stanhope

CH. XII. THE HORSE RACE

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

Janice found herself in a large room, with innumerable tables, prodigious numbers of tin-cans of varying sizes, the clatter of a factory, and the indescribable smell of cookery. A large pile of new pinewood boxes already packed stood near an open doorway, and men were loading them onto a large truck. Butterworth paused here and there, explaining to his fair companion this or that machine; this one toasting "Korn Kurnels"; that one grinding chinquapin meal; this one shelling walnuts, and hickory nuts; that one soldering cans, etc., until they reached the opposite end of the building, where there was a space inclosed in glass, well curtained on the inside. Janice uttered an exclamation of astonishment, as he swung open the door.

"This is my private office," he explained. "This place is sacred. Only favored guests and confidential employees are admitted here."

The furniture of the office was all of rosewood, or imitation rosewood, and consisted of a desk, office chair, a large rocker, sofa, one other large arm-chair, and a filing cabinet. The floor was covered with a rich looking rug of blue and brick-red. The curtains were handsome and harmonized.

"Take that rocker," said Butterworth, as he flung himself into the office chair and swung round. "You need a rest after that strenuous ride."

Then, opening the lower part of the desk, he produced a decanter and a tin-box of cookies.

"This cordial," he said, pouring out some in a tumbler, "is not intoxicating, but very nourishing. I sometimes take a little lunch when I'm at work. Try some."

Janice took it, and began to sip, and nibble at the cooky, while Butterworth poured out some for himself.

"It's good," she said; "but remember, we're to stop at Green's for supper. We mustn't stay here too long."

"I don't intend to lose a single minute," said the man tossing off a wine glass of the cordial. "I suppose what I'm to say I ought to say at Pine Grove. I told you in the buggy that night on the way

home from Herrick's party, what my prospects are. Well, you're the woman I referred to."

And Butterworth made a passionate appeal, too long to put down here.

Janice quietly rocked to and fro, nibbling the cooky, and sipping cordial. When Butterworth finished she coolly replied:

"Yes, I'll marry you. I want a home of my own, and I think you and I can get along together.

He produced a beautiful ring, a lovely garnet circled by two diamonds.

"This was my mother's," and he slipped it on her finger.

Janice examined it critically.

"It's beautiful," she said.

"Now," said Butterworth rising, "that's settled. Come with me," taking her hand, "and I'll share my secret with you."

He rolled out the sofa, threw back the edge of the rug, seized a ring in the floor, and lifted a trap-door revealing a stairway leading down in to Cimerian darkness. The girl hesitated.

"Nothing to fear," he said, "come on!" And turning a switch threw on a flood of light.

The girl uttered an exclamation.

"Why, it's a distillery!" giving him a sharp look.

"Nothing less," laughed Butterworth.

"Aren't you afraid of being caught?" she asked.

"Yes, every minute," replied the man. "But, there's big money in it. And let me tell you the game's worth the candle. And don't forget, it's all for you."

Janice looked mightily pleased at the reference, and hand in hand they descended. The room was filled with large vats of corn mash and several large stills were silently at work. A vast number of bottles were at one end, waiting for the night-shift. Janice shuddered, and gave the man a startled look. Butterworth laughed.

"Don't worry," he said, "I'm not going to keep this up always. As soon as I make my pile I'm going to be a good, respectable, law-abiding citizen. You'll never be ashamed of being Mrs. Butterworth. I intend to run for Mayor; we'll make our home on Weatherby Avenue, among the bon-tons; and you'll be President of the Shakespeare Club."

And he laughed again. Janice looked at him with a half-hearted smile.

"Clarence," she said, "you're taking an awful risk. If you get caught you know it's disgrace. And if I'm connected with you, I'll be disgraced too. And they'd throw me out, at Pine Grove. I've sounded Uncle Stanhope well enough to know that. His strongest passion is 'law'. To be engaged in this work is like living over a volcano. It wasn't fair to ask me to be your wife, without telling me this before hand."

The young man flushed and frowned.

"Then give me back the ring," he jerked out bitterly, "and go at once and inform Patrick Maloney of what you've seen down here."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," she ejaculated quickly. "Your secret would be safe with me, for I'd have you know that I'm no 'snitcher'. But, man, the very trees have eyes—and noses too. I could notice the smell in the air of that mash, before I entered the building. Suppose Patrick Maloney comes out to look at the place, as he told you he would, don't you think he'll detect it?"

"If he does he'll never live to tell the tale," muttered Butterworth. "I'm glad you mentioned it though, for I have an acid, the scent of which will kill any other, and send the smeller skurrying." And he laughed grimly.

"Let us hurry up and get through with this moonshining," she said. "I don't like to look upon my future husband as a bootlegger and a murderer. What time is it?"

"Just five," he replied looking at his watch.

"Let us hurry then," she said, "we must be at Green's by six o'clock for supper."

The first thing Janice did when they got settled down at Green's was to phone to Pine Grove that she would stay for supper and that she'd be home about nine o'clock, that one of the Green boys would ride home with her. This she did, sending Butterworth home, as a matter of prudence.

She had plenty to tell Uncle Stanhope and Father Liscombe and Charlotte, whom she spied on Father Liscombe's porch as she rode into the yard. Young Green had to come over and shake hands with them before he started back. This, too, was a 'grand stand play'; but she said nothing of the old mill, nor the ride through the woods, nor the visit to the "Hermitage", and the ring with the garnet and diamonds had disappeared from her finger. She was not ready as yet to an-

nounce her engagement to Butterworth, as she, for reasons of her own wanted to keep Patrick on her bow. And she knew that the ring gleaming on her hand would not escape the lynx-eyes of her women-friends. So it reposed for the present, in a little plush-lined case in the tray of her trunk. Before putting it away she gave it a more critical examination, under a strong light, behind locked doors, and smiled with satisfaction at the sparkle of the diamonds and the beauty of the garnet.

That evening when the two were on their way to Green's, Janice remarked that Sultan was in fine fettle and looking very well.

"He's in splendid condition," exclaimed Butterworth enthusiastically, "and I have every hope of carrying off the Sweepstakes. The County Fair opens next Monday and Thursday is the great day. There are a great many entries, but everyone says that Sultan will have a walk away. Did you ever see this 'Old Tim', Uncle Stanhope's horse, run?"

"Indeed I have," replied Janice, "and let me tell you, Clarence, he can skim over the ground, but I have no doubt that Sultan is the faster horse, and I think you have nothing to fear from 'Old Tim'. I'm surprised that Uncle Stanhope should enter such an old horse."

"He's twice the age of Sultan," said Butterworth, "and Sultan comes from Kentucky racing stock. Do you know who's going to ride 'Old Tim'?"

"Willie Maloney, I think," responded Janice.

"That runt!" and Butterworth laughed. "I have the best jockey to be found, a real feather-weight, and a fellow of experience, Jack Peppergrass. He's won many a race already, by good riding too."

"'Old Tim' looks so pokey when he's standing still," continued Janice. "He hangs his head down as if asleep."

"You can't go by that," said Butterworth smiling. "Such sleepy-looking horses sometimes fool you, when they wake up. I have \$3,000 wagered on the race anyway and I'm ready to take up more bets, if I can find any suckers willing to part with their money."

Janice laughed.

On Monday morning, with blare of trumpets and shooting of anvils, the Brandywine County Fair was formally opened. There was a great procession and the Governor and other notables gave speeches. The Fair occupied a beautiful stretch of level commons, to the North

of the city, and a mile-track in the best of conditions had been a feature for many years. The Grand Stand facing the East easily accommodated 5,000 persons. A high, well built fence shut off spectators from the race-track. At times with the bleachers filled, and people standing there were known to be 40,000 at some races.

The Maloney girls and Patrick had motored out to Pine Grove, on Saturday evening and on returning Sunday afternoon they brought Janice with them to be their guest for the week of the Fair. Some good plays were scheduled for the week and many brilliant social functions, at some of which Janice expected to shine. On Wednesday morning Uncle Stanhope brought Father Liscombe and Charlotte in the carriage, leading 'Old Tim', by a halter, like any old scrub.

No one, meeting them on the road, would have ever dreamed that the old sleeping gaunt bay horse trotting behind the carriage, with his long, easy, swinging trot, was to be one of the principal contestants in the great Brandywine race. On their arrival, 'Old Tim' was handed over to June, Mr. Maloney's colored man of all work, and you may be sure that Pegasus himself was not cared for more tenderly. 'Old Tim' got a bath from head to foot, and then he was rubbed until his hide fairly shone. Then June took him out for exercise and if there was ever a proud nigger in this world, it was that boy when he mounted 'Old Tim', and took him down Main Street and explained to his friends as he rode along: "dat dis horse's gwine to run tomorrer fo de sweepstakes." His darkey friends laughed him to scorn, and one told him outright:

"Yo better carry dat thing to de bone-yard afore yo lose yo money."

At lunch that day at Maloney's Uncle Stanhope met Butterworth, who had come up, attracted by one particular star. When, after lunch was over, the men, according to custom, had gravitated into the library, for a smoke, Butterworth approached Stanhope with the remark:

"Are you still of a mind to enter that old horse of yours in the race tomorrow?"

"Indeed I am," said the older man, "and I'm ready to back him with some hard cash."

Butterworth laughed cynically.

"How much are you willing to part with?" he said.

"O, I have \$2,000 or more begging for a stake," replied Uncle Stanhope laconically, as he blew a smoke ring toward the ceiling.

"Too bad," returned Butterworth, "that I'm out of cash. I've already bet all my ready money. Would you take my personal note, in case I lose?"

"Excuse me!" replied Uncle Stanhope, laughing; "I don't believe in I. O. U's. They make enemies of friends."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," pursued Butterworth, who was now hot on the trail; "I have all my ready cash already wagered, but I'd like to scoop in that \$2,000 of yours, because I believe you can afford to lose it."

"Yes, I can," assented Stanhope.

"I'll give you a first mortgage on my property at the 'Hermitage'," continued Butterworth. "We'll go this afternoon and draw it up legally and in case I lose, I'll turn it over to you."

"What's the place worth?" said Stanhope.

"Ten Thousand," replied the younger man. "I paid \$5,000 for the land and the building cost me \$5,000."

"Done!" exclaimed Stanhope, grinning at the other. "We'll go down as soon as we finish this smoke, and fix the whole thing up legally. We'll go to the First National where I keep my money and Mr. Simpkins the Cashier, a fine gentleman, also a Notary, will be stake-holder. I'll deposit \$2,000 in cash with him, and you'll deposit the mortgage. If you lose, Mr. Simpkins can just put it with some other papers of mine, in my safety deposit box."

After a little while the two men arose to go, and as they started down the street Mr. Maloney remarked with a chuckle:

"This is getting to be interesting. Uncle Stanhope is getting younger every day. Look at that stride on him going down the street. Butterworth can hardly keep up with him. Nothing like a race to lift the cockles off the heart."

"You're right," assented Patrick, "that race tomorrow is the talk of the whole country. Butterworth was comparatively unknown round here a day or two ago, now his name is in every man's mouth. It's nothing but 'Sultan and Peppergrass' and 'Peppergrass and Sultan', everywhere you go. That Sultan is a beautiful animal and nearly all the men are betting on him."

"All except the old man Sears," responded Mr. Maloney. "He's true blue. He swears by 'Old Tim'. You know he saw him run several years ago. And you would never believe what the old man has done."

"What is it?" said Patrick.

"He's mortgaged his place for \$5,000—and he's taking up all the bets he can find, staking his money on 'Old Tim'. He says he doesn't care whether he loses his home or not. It couldn't be worse. And he'd just as leave be in the poor house and be done with it."

Patrick laughed.

"The old man seems to forget," he said, "that 'Old Tim' is twelve years old. What chance would Sears stand in a race with Butterworth? Age tells, especially with horses."

"Uncle Stanhope evidently has confidence in his horse," continued Mr. Maloney. "He's staking \$2,000 against Butterworth, and they're off now to fix up the wager."

Before three o'clock, when the bank closed, Mr. Simpkins, the cashier, as Stake-holder, held the mortgage and Uncle Stanhope's \$2,000 and he grinned as he locked them in a little tin-box and laid it carefully in the big steel safe. That afternoon Uncle Stanhope paid several visits to 'Old Tim' in the stable and had June take him out for exercise. It was evident that he felt a little nervous over the outcome.

"I know the horse can run," he said, "and he did excellently on the straight road, in the country, but, of course, his age is against him. And I don't know just how fast Butterworth's horse is. But, we have to take risks in these things; 'nothing venture, nothing win'." And he smiled.

Buterworth, in the mean while, at the Commonwealth, with some of his pals, was cracking jokes about "Old Tim" and was even receiving congratulations on the outcome of the race, for, it never once entered his head that Sultan could lose. That night he took Janice to see "Macbeth" and as the two took their departure from the Maloney's, the sly little witch slipped the garnet ring upon her finger and took particular care to let it flash in the light of the street lamps before Butterworth's eyes. He, with great glee, recounted his transaction of the afternoon with Uncle Stanhope and both enjoyed immensely the gullibility of the old man, as they walked along towards the "Grand Opera House".

"He can easily afford to lose more than that," said Janice. "He made a good crop this year and sold it all for fine prices. That \$2,000 will help us to furnish our new home on Weatherby Avenue!"

"Sure enough," assented Butterworth; "or, better still, it will go far towards a limousine."

Janice clapped her hands gently, and the diamond sparkled in the lamplight.

"But Uncle Stanhope," she murmured, "the short time I've been at Pine Grove, has been very good to me, and if it were anyone beside yourself, Clarence, I'd hate to see him lose."

The next day, Thursday, the day of the great race, was a gem, in an exceptionally fine week, in mid-December. Clear and frosty in the early morning, when the sun rose, a fog-like, delicate lace floated up from the Chatahoochee and was wafted away by the first morning breezes from the South. The town was crowded with visitors, many from other states. Cots had been placed in the corridors of the hotels and many private homes had thrown open their doors to accommodate the thousands, drawn by curiosity or profit.

At about 9 A. M. on that Thursday morning two horsemen rode quietly on Broad Street, and soon turned in the Race Track. They were none other than Uncle Stanhope on Tilden and Willie Maloney on "Old Tim". As they rode along Uncle Stanhope was giving Willie some pointers.

"Hug the inside fence," he said, "and 'Old Tim' won't be tempted to fly the track. Hold him in tight with a little stronger pull on the left rein. Even if they're a little ahead, hold him in till you strike the half-mile point. Then, loosen, but, don't use the whip. Here, I have a special whip for you with a long cracker. When you reach the quarter, swing the whip across 'Old Tim's' hind legs, but, mind you don't whip him on the shoulders."

Thus they rode along, taking note of the track and found it in perfect condition.

At two o'clock that afternoon, fully 50,000 persons had assembled for the races. The "Grand Stand" was a rainbow of variegated colors. At that hour some preliminary races were run off, and at three sharp, through a large megaphone the "one mile sweepstake" was announced. The band played "Dixie" and the crowd sent up a volume of cheers. The horses began pouring onto the track, from various directions. Butterworth and Janice with the Maloneys and Isabelle occupied fine seats in the "Grand Stand" exactly opposite the judges' stand. Willie had on a grey suit and a red jockey cap. Peppergrass

wore red, white and blue, and brought a cheer and handclapping when he rode Sultan to the middle. Willie got his coveted position, near the inside fence. They were all soon lined up, some of the horses quite restive. Just before the shot Uncle Stanhope slipped something into "Old Tim's mouth. The old horse lifted his head, pricked his ears, and switched his tail. There was a pistol shot, and the race was on. Sultan led from the start, with a magnificent coal-black stallion, from Alabama, second, and "Old Tim", third. At the "first quarter" Sultan was 200 yards ahead. At the "half-mile" point "Old Tim" gained a hundred yards, and the black horse was behind. Willie slowly loosened the reins, and "Old Tim" swept forward. He is gaining. At the "three-quarter" point, Sultan still leads by about six lengths. But, now there is a swish in the air and the whip cracker strikes "Old Tim" across the hind legs. He shoots forward like an arrow from the bow. He is now abreast of Sultan. Another swish! He's leading. The crowd goes wild. Butterworth is cursing under his breath. Another moment and "Old Tim" passes the line, six lengths ahead, and the race is won. Then, pandemonium!

(To be continued)

"You never dreamed you were so completely your own center as the suffering proves you to have been. Even God must revolve around you. You look at Him simply as a power that can lighten your load, or as a fountain of consolation, or as a source of miraculous strength, or as one to whom you may lawfully complain. But in your own mind, God has reference to you, not you to God. Was it not so?"

—*Fr. Faber.*

A CHILD'S PRAYER

The clearest song that from this sad vale mounts,
The purest ray e'er sprung from sunlit founts,
The sweetest flower in dewy morn that blows,
The holiest flame that ever heavenward rose:
Where will you find it?—Where at set of day
A mother kneels beside her child to pray!

—*A. T. Z.*

Catholic Anecdotes

GOUNOD'S FAITH

Camille Bellaigue tells the following anecdote in the "Revue des Deux Mondes":

"In the papers left by Gounod, I found the following note, dated April 28, 1869: 'Tomorrow is the First Communion of Henry de B. * * * I am going.'

"He came. After we had come out of the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, my father went up to the great artist whom he had known intimately since childhood.

"'Dear friend,' he said, while holding me by the hand, 'this is my son. He always loves music. Will you add to all the blessings he has just received by giving him your blessing of beauty?'

"Gounod then exclaimed: 'My child, today I am not worthy to undo the latchet of your shoes. Today you bear God in your heart, and it is for you to bless me.'

"Then, suiting the action to the words, he knelt on the pavement before me. I did not know what to do, and at first I blushed."

N. C. W. C. News Service.

HAPPY, THOUGH YOUNG

Among the duties that Uncle Sam assumes is that of providing home demonstration workers whose task it is to go among country homes and teach households better ways of doing things. Here is a story sent by one of the specialists in home nursing from Minnesota to the Department of Agriculture:

"I was in the midst of a busy week of measuring, weighing, and examining children to further the child welfare campaign. Into the room came breezily a fresh, handsome, and much tanned young woman with six children.

"'I will have to hurry,' she exclaimed, smiling. 'You see we have threshers, twenty-eight of them, to-day, and they certainly have fine appetites.' The group of children, dressed plainly, but neatly, all barefooted and bareheaded, would have attracted attention anywhere. It

was evident that soap and water and sunshine were the cosmetics in that family, but it was the splendid health, beauty, and poise of the mother which held the eye.

"'I have only four who are under the required six years—the other two came in the machine to help me with the babies while I manage the wheel,' she explained.

"All four youngsters measured and weighed up to the standard and their physical condition under examination was recorded as 'prime'.

"'But who is helping at home with the housework and meals?' I asked.

"'Oh, I have two daughters, 13 and 14 years old, who are doing the dinner dishes and starting the supper,' came the surprising reply.

"My eyes opened and I frankly stared, for the mother with the little brood of six did not look over 25. Then I asked: 'But how old are you and how many children have you?'

"'Thirty-three years old, and I have the best husband in the world and nine children,' replied this daughter of Minnesota. 'I am the happiest of women and each child makes me feel I must fill a bigger place in the world. This year, because of the shortage of help, I have had to work out in the fields, as the grain seemed to ripen all at once, but I enjoyed it. My girls are clippers to work.'

"Stepping lightly as a girl, she gathered her brood together, and loaded them into the car. With a final handwave the big machine swung down the road under her capable hands towards the country home where that American family is growing up with the best of food, the purest of air, and the happiest of surroundings."

GOOD OUT OF EVIL

A recent convert to the Church is quoted as saying:

"I have never seen a malicious attack upon the moral character of a Protestant minister or layman in the columns of any Catholic paper. I have never seen the virtue of Protestant womanhood questioned therein. But during the twenty years that I occupied a pew in the Baptist meeting house, I heard the Catholic Church accused of almost every offense imaginable, and not always in language that was choice, or in a spirit that was charitable. In fact, it was abuse of all things Catholic that aroused in me a desire to learn something of a religion so strongly abused."

OUR FACES NOT OUR OWN

"My boy," said a wise father who knew how to play and be a chum with his twelve-year-old boy, "you do not own your own face."

The boy looked puzzled. He had come to the breakfast table with a frowning, clouded countenance, and had started moodily to eat his food. Everybody felt the shadow of his ill spirit evident in his looks. His father's unexpected words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a half guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant.

"You do not own your own face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that. It belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it. You have no right to compel them to look at a sour, gloomy, and crabbed face."

The boy never thought of that, but he understood, and did not forget. And all of us should understand, and none of us forget, that our faces belong to other people.

CONFIDENCE IN SELF

The little Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, the day star of whose fame was just beginning to rise above the smouldering ruins of Toulon, was invited to meet the "Constitutional Convention" which sat at Paris.

His fragile form was almost feminine in its proportions, but an eagle eye calmly reposed in his pallid and emaciated countenance.

He had been severely sick, and the Convention looked with amazement and incredulity upon this feeble youth, as the one presented to rescue them from their impending peril. The President fixed his eye upon him and doubtingly said:

"Are you willing to undertake our defence?"

"Yes!" was the calm, laconic, and almost indifferent reply.

"But are you aware of the magnitude of the undertaking?" pursued the President.

"Fully!" said Napoleon, fixing his eye upon the President; "and I am in the habit of accomplishing that which I undertake."

Trusting in God's grace, we may be filled and exalted by the same confidence, in the fulfilment of all our duties.

Pointed Paragraphs

THE BLESSING OF CHRISTMAS

"Peace to men of good will," sang the Angels the first Christmas night. This song ushered in the Saviour.

"Peace I leave you, my peace I give you," said the Saviour on the solemn night before His Passion and Death. "Not as the world giveth peace do I give unto you."

We know, we have seen of recent years how the world giveth peace. It leaves us with a thousand heartaches, a thousand suspicions, a thousand unexpressed fears. Its peace hides, but does not destroy, a thousand pretexts for more war and more bloodshed.

But Our Lord gives true peace: "Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid."

This peace of the Saviour,—the source of real joy and merriment,—we wish all our readers as the best Christmas gift.

"BETTER SPEECH WEEK"

"Language," some one has said, "is on the one side the limit and restraint of thought, and on the other side that which feeds and unfolds thought."

Realizing this, some Teachers' and Civic organizations have, for the last three years, been observing a "Better Speech Week". They realize that language has a molding power. It has a genius, a spirit of its own, that permeates the user, affecting very deeply his thoughts, sentiments and ideals.

To promote this purpose, and to give it a definite direction, Grace W. Willet of the Chicago Women's Club, has drawn up for this year's observance, a set of resolutions, as follows:

"I love the United States of America, I love my country's flag, I love my country's language. I promise:

1. That I will not dishonor my country's speech by leaving off the last syllables of words;

2. That I will say a good American 'yes' and 'no' instead of an Indian grunt 'umhum' or a foreign 'ya' or 'yeh' or 'nope';
3. That I will improve American speech by enunciating distinctly and by speaking pleasantly and sincerely;
4. That I will try to make my country's language beautiful for the many boys and girls of foreign nations who come here to live;
5. That I will learn to articulate correctly one word a day for one year."

It is not a bad resolution at all. In fact it might serve for a model and a text. A model upon which to form some resolutions for myself; for care to secure grammatical purity of language is an educational and formative factor in character building. As a text: for it reminds me that there is another kind of purity of language, of a higher order, that is still more worth striving for,—purity from everything vulgar, profane, smutty, dishonoring of God and of manhood. A Holy Name resolution might be based upon it.

BETHLEHEM AND DISARMAMENT

It almost seems providential that the Disarmament Conference begins its discussions, just as the swing of the year ushers in Advent and Christmas thoughts.

If the great diplomats who hold your and my peace in their hands,—who can say the words that will thrust us into bloody war or give us the blessings of peace,—who have such tremendous powers without any surveillance from you and me,—if these men would only kneel at times before the Crib in the stable at Bethlehem and meditate on the meaning of that scene, we could trust the fate of our lands and our future more securely to their hands.

Let us at least pray that the God who came to conquer a world by the power of love, may guide the thoughts of the men at the Disarmament Conference into paths of good will, peace and charity.

CASEY AGAIN

Recently I have seen evidence that some black-throated, yellow-streaked bigots in journals under so-called Christian management, are trying to besmirch the K. of C. by dark questions, such as: "What

have the K. of C. done with all the superfluous money collected for our boys during the war?"

Apparently the K. of C. have nothing to hide and have published their report openly for everyone to see. That should be answer enough.

But here is a letter that appeals to me, and makes me feel more clearly what the figures in the report actually stand for. It is concrete. It is the letter of a soldier, who experienced what K. C. means in a hospital:

"I have nothing in common with your organization or Church. I am a rank outsider: a hard-bodied sergeant who was raised under the right arm of triple-distilled Calvinism; a religious 'maverick' as it were, long since departed from the faith. What I have to say deals strictly with this earth.

"My hat is off to the K. of C. workers at No. 24 Base Hospital,—because I spent five months and one week in that place. We have fifty-three base hospitals in the United States. Everyone of them should have a K. C. building.

"The K. C. at the Base is a modest unassuming plant. Billiard tables, writing materials, chapel, picture shows at night, these are all good and can be supplied by any organization. The thing that appeals so strongly to me is the 'esprit de corps'. The first qualification it seems to me, for a K. C. worker is a real smile that won't come off: a handshake that is red-blooded and an unlimited capacity for hard work.

"To the public at large the war is over. Interest in war activities is dead. The war is not over in the 53 Base Hospitals.

"Three days a week the secretaries distribute 'creature comforts' consisting of chocolate, cigarettes, tobacco, matches, soap, gum, pencils, reading matter, writing material and toilet sundries. But best of all, 'Casey' scatters bright, sunny, personality through the wards. That is the pure gold of the Hospital.

"The other three days are busier still. Then the secretaries visit every bed case in the whole plant and take orders for things down town. Money or not—it doesn't matter with 'Casey', and it is not chalked up against the boy's account, but I know that back of the judgment bar of God, there are thousands of 'marks' made in shining gold that will be to the credit of His humble ministers of the wards."

(Signed) D. H. ROBINSON, Sgt.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as pleasant weather.

Catholic Events

(All events chronicled are reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service.)

The Irish Question was brought to the fore in Rome by several important events during the past week. The Holy Father showed his solicitude by an address to a party of British pilgrims, headed by the Bishop of Leeds, and by his reply to a message received from De Valera. His Holiness celebrated a Mass for the happy outcome of the pending negotiations between representatives of the Irish Republican Government and the British Ministers. The Mass was attended by the Bishop of Leeds and the 500 British pilgrims. After the Mass the Holy Father spoke briefly, expressing the wish that the present conferences between the Irish and the British Representatives would produce satisfactory results.

* * *

Notable contributions to funds for the suffering children of Armenia and Turkey have been made by His Holiness, Benedict XV. Recently he remitted the sum of 50,000 lire for the Armenians in Asiatic Russia, and 10,000 lire for the suffering children of the poor in Constantinople.

* * *

Pope Benedict wept as he listened to the description of the horrors in famine-swept Russia. He is contemplating a new appeal to the Christian world to save Russia from death.

* * *

Following the negotiations of a concordat between Greece and the Holy See, the Greek Government will establish diplomatic relations with the Vatican. M. Skassis, Greek minister at Madrid, is in Rome with authority to conclude the concordat.

* * *

Father Mario Giardini, assistant general of the Regular Clerics (Barnabites) of St. Paul, and Pastor of the Roman Church of St. Charles Catinari, will be appointed Delegate Apostolic to Japan, it is officially announced. Father Giardini succeeds Msgr. Fumasoni-Biondi who has recently returned from Japan, after having received from the Emperor the Second Order of Merit as a tribute to his service in behalf of religion in Japan.

* * *

There are few places in the world where priests and people are making greater sacrifices for the cause of Catholic education than in the mission fields of Colorado. During recent years several priests have moved out of their homes in order to make it possible to open a parochial school. The sacrifices of the people are little less than those of their priests. A short time ago, two Catholic families at Gardner, Col., unable to find a better home, moved into a tent in order that the children might be near a school.

Although the Vatican will not be, and did not expect to be, officially represented at the Conference of Disarmament in Washington, the moral influence it exerts in the direction of peace is taken into consideration. According to information reaching Washington through the medium of those who accompany the Italian delegation, it is expected that a pronouncement of some kind will be made by the Pope Benedict before the close of the conference. It is possible that the Vatican point of view will be stated in an allocution at the consistory to be held Nov. 21.

* * *

The members of the conference to be held in Rome early next year, over which Cardinal Mercier will preside, will consist of some of the world's most eminent astronomers, and the result of their deliberations may possibly result in a general agreement between the civil powers and the Pope and other heads of Churches, for appointing a fixed date for Easter,—possibly a certain Sunday in April.

* * *

Catholic participation in the Armistice Day celebration at Washington consisted chiefly in the official tribute to the "Unknown Hero", paid by the National Catholic Welfare Council, War Council, and Knights of Columbus in the rotunda of the capitol, where the body of the unknown soldier lay awaiting burial in Arlington Cemetery. Many distinguished Catholics were present, among them Marshal Foch.

* * *

The Daily American Tribute,—the only Catholic daily paper we have here in the English language,—has reduced its subscription price to \$6.00 per year. "Confidence in our readers," says the editorial, "gave us the courage to risk it." The Daily American Tribune is published in Dubuque, Iowa.

* * *

As a result of the war, the old Orthodox Churches of Europe are breaking up. Various Protestant sects are making a strong bid to have them join them. The Serbian Orthodox Church may be the first to ally itself with Protestantism. If it does, it will be less on principle than on the false supposition that this would be some return to the English and Americans who have done so much for Serbia during and since the war. Scholarships for Serbians to study theology at Oxford, relief to Serbian orthodox clergy and schools are but some of the benefits the English High Church are offering as inducements; while the recent gift of a printing press from the "American Churches", and a movement to raise funds for the restoration of their war-devastated churches, are taken as evidence of the interest of American Protestantism.

* * *

On October 26, the Sister of the Visitation Academy in Dubuque celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of their institution.

On November 13, Gonzaga College, Washington, D. C., celebrated its 100th anniversary. It is the oldest educational school for day scholars in the District of Columbia and the second oldest advanced Jesuit school in the United States.

In Salem, Mass., the famous old Bay State seaport, where in the early days of America anti-Catholic hatred burned so furiously that Capt. John Endicott cut the cross from the English flag with his sword because he regarded it as an emblem of "Popery", observances are now in progress to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the formal opening of the first Catholic church in the city, the third in Massachusetts, and the fourth in all New England.

* * *

The record made by the Catholic schools of Brooklyn in the essay contest for Fire Prevention, wherein they captured 96 out of 204 prizes, is nothing short of phenomenal. Pitted against the public schools of the Greater City, without assistance from the Catholic schools of the Archdiocese of New York which did not enter the contest, the schools of Brooklyn won nearly half the prizes. Could Catholic education in the eyes of the city want any better tribute?

* * *

St. Louis University has 3,031 students, representing forty states of the union and 22 foreign countries, on the registration books for the present term. The College of Medicine alone refused more than 100 applications from qualified entrants, despite the fact that a \$200,000 addition had been constructed during the summer.

* * *

The following statistics of colored Catholics and institutions in the United States are taken from the latest number of "The Colored Harvest": Number of Colored Catholics, according to actual figures, 138,994; number of priests in colored work: 175; number of colored parishes, 84. Number of colored schools, 132; Sisterhoods engaged in colored work, 20; Academies, 5; Industrial Schools, 3; Orphan Asylums, 11; High Schools, 7; Colleges for training young colored men for the priesthood, 1.

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District Attorney Franklin K. Swart of San Mateo, Cal., has given out a statement that William A. Hightower, convicted of the murder of Rev. Patrick E. Heslin, was a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

* * *

Ten thousand Catholic laymen marched through the streets of Denver under the banner of the National Council of Catholic Men, when the Cathedral of Denver was consecrated. Thirty parishes were represented in the line, headed by pastors and presidents of parish councils.

* * *

Jeremiah E. Burke, one of the most prominent Catholic laymen in Boston Archdiocese, has been selected as Superintendent of Boston Public Schools to succeed Frank G. Thompson, who also was a Catholic.

* * *

During their stay in this country, the three great world war heroes, Foch, Diaz, and Jacques, are edifying Americans by the fulfilment of their religious duties as Catholics in attending Mass on Sundays.

Some Good Books

The King of the Golden City. By Mother Mary Loyola. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price \$2.50; postpaid \$2.65.

A little girl, named Dyonis, preparing for her first Holy Communion, asked Mother Loyola to "write little instructions in your letters and little stories like you told me about Effie and I could tell you what they meant in my next letter". The answer of Mother Loyola took the form of this beautiful allegory written "to breathe into the heart of a child a deep understanding of Holy Communion and an intimate affection for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament".

The allegory is carefully and tactfully developed and cannot fail to arouse the interest of any wide-awake child brought up in a Catholic atmosphere. Exquisitely colored full-page pictures—eight in number and six by eight inches in size—illustrate the text and aid in firing the imagination and heart of the child.

His Reverence — His Day's Work. By Rev. C. J. Holland. Published by Blase Benziger & Co., New York. Price net \$1.50; postpaid \$1.60.

To most people—Catholic as well as non-Catholic—the ordinary daily life of the priest is almost a sealed book. They see him in the church, on the street, in the office of the rectory, but what he does during the rest of the twenty-four hours,—well, that, that is what Father Holland undertakes to tell them.

The discussions—thirty in number—take the form of familiar letters written in the quiet hours of the late evening. They tell among other things why they do like the companionship of other priests, why they are ill at ease in a theatre, and happy at a ball game, why they buy books, and passionately covet foreign travel, all interspersed with remarks and incidents pointed or humorous. A good book for everybody.

Mostly Mary. By Clementia. Published by Matre & Co., Chicago. Price \$1.00 postpaid or over the counter.

All the little—and big—friends of Mary Selwyn had better see to it that father or mother, big brother or sister, get them this new book as a Christmas gift. It will tell them more about Berta and Beth, those lovable and mischievous little twin sisters of Mary, and besides, more about Mary Selwyn herself when she was a little girl.

And if any of the youngsters or grown-ups have not made the acquaintance of Mary as yet, so much the better. For then they can meet her in *Mostly Mary*, and having found her a girl well worth knowing more about, they can take up her life as portrayed in the author's other books—*Uncle Frank's Mary* (\$1.60 postpaid), *The Quest of Mary Selwyn* (\$1.60 postpaid), and *Bird-a-Lea* (\$1.50 postpaid). These books can be had at all Catholic book-sellers, or direct from Matre & Co., 76-78 West Lake Street, Chicago; or through the Liguorian.

The Boy Who Came Back. By John Talbot Smith. Published by Blase Benziger & Co., New York. Price net \$1.25; postpaid \$1.35.

The scene of this new juvenile story by the author of *The Boy Who Looked Ahead* is laid in a village on the banks of the Hudson not far from New York City. Lafayette Lawton is a high-spirited American boy who got on the wrong track and then honestly and courageously tried to get back on the right one. He found the task by no means an easy one, for the "queer" Lawton family needed rebuilding at the same time. Wistaria was not hopeless, but with Beau doing his utmost to ruin him, well might Lafayette second the plaint of his older sister, Regina: "What's the use of building up one part of a wall when the rest of it is tumbling all the while?"

But with the aid of Father Sherwood and Charlie and "The Veiled Lady" he came back at last for good and all.

Lucid Intervals

A man made application to have a telephone installed in his home.

"Do you desire a one, two, three or four party line?" asked the clerk.

"I'll probably have to have a six party line," he replied. "I have a wife and five daughters."

A man entered a drug-store very hurriedly and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the chemist, as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home!"

Bigge—Funny, isn't it, how so many successful men go bald?

Little—Nothing funny about that. They're sure to come out on top.

Tenderfoot—I had an awful dream last night.

First Class Scout—Well, what did you dream?

Tenderfoot—I dreamt that I was eating shredded wheat and when I woke half of the mattress was gone.

A stranded but still haughty leading man was obliged to put up at a dilapidated country hotel. He glanced frowningly about the office, reluctantly signed the register, and took the brass key from the proprietor. "Is there any water in my room?" he demanded.

"There was," replied the proprietor, "but I had the roof fixed."

"John, can you let me have a little money?"

"Certainly, darling. About how little?"

Edith—Did you count with a daisy to see if Jack loved you?

Betty—No, indeed! It might come out wrong. I used a three-leaf clover.

Old Lady—"Oh, conductor, please stop the train. I dropt my wig out the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madam,

there is a switch just this side of the next station."

"These are not my figures, ladies and gentlemen," said the statistician on the platform; "they are the figures of a man who knows what he is talking about."

"What is that?" asked a visitor on board a man-of-war of a sailor as he pointed to a badge on the mariner's cap. The mariner thought he would be funny.

"That's a turnip," answered the sailor.

"No, I asked about the badge," replied the visitor; "not about your head."

"Say, young man," asked an old lady at the ticket office, "what time does the next train pull in here and how long does it stay?"

"From two to two to two-two," was the curt reply.

"Well, I declare! Be you the whistle?"

"Oh, I'm in such a perspiration!" cried a girl student in a finishing school, as she fanned herself with her tennis racket.

"Miss Frankland," rebuked the austere head mistress, "I hope I shall never again hear such an expression. Kindly remember that oxen sweat, men perspire, but young ladies glow."

Stage Manager—"All ready run up the curtain."

Stage hand—"Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?"

Mrs. Newlywed (giving first order to butcher over phone)—Please send me a pound of steak.

Butcher—And what else, please?

Mrs. Newlywed—And—and some gravy.

"Is pants singular or plural?"

"If a man wears 'em it's plural."

"Well, if he doesn't?"

"It's singular."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

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